

1982

Southwinds - Spring 1982

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SOUTHWINDS



1982

Southwinds

number nine / spring '82

editor: Joseph Fischer

editorial staff: Jon Mittler, Kathy Moran, Martha Nussbaum

The staff would like to extend their gratitude and appreciation to those who have made this magazine possible. To our advisor, Professor Gene Warren, a special big thanks for his guidance in answering our myriad questions on how to produce a literary magazine; to Bob Blaylock for his technical assistance; Dean Barker, Associate Dean Cogell, and Student Council for their interest and support.

A special thanks to Jon Mittler for his preparation of the photography and artwork; to Martha Nussbaum and Kathy Moran for typing and arranging the prose and poetry.

Finally, we would like to thank the English Department for their patience when we invaded their office to type the manuscript.

cover design by Martha Nussbaum

logos by Jon Mittler

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Photograph

by Martha Nussbaum



SCHOOL

Wasted Time

They came to my room
with cards and chips.

They stayed
until a whirlwind
of homework
blew them out.

Rick Maness

Two O'clock Devils

The light clicks off,
The fan rattles near my desk.
Sweat trickles down my forehead,
Sounds from the highway float in the open window.
Thoughts from the day wrestle in my brain.
"You'll never make it in college," she had said.
A 47% in Chem E. doesn't help.
Should have studied for that Calc. quiz.
Tumbling thoughts and frayed nerves.
Three finals tomorrow.
And I pull the sheet around me tighter
As I watch the clock slide down to 2 a.m.

Rhonda G. Miller

Momentously Mental

I've thought a thought I've not before,
And this I thought was queer;
My mind did mind the grind it bore
To get this thought out here.

Hurray! I've thought another thought,
And now my thoughts are twain!
I've done a heap of work just now
. . . I hope they do remain.

But now they're here, they're here for now--
A trickle in my brain;
But better not I think again
For I can't stand the pain!

Floyd Klavetter

School Sick

Research papers and final exams are beginning to pile up.

The Mizzou B-ball game is having "Audio Difficulties".

Chris talks of football and mean nuns,

Greg of basketball,

Ted of immigrants and history papers,

Pete and Dane of volumes of doughnuts,

Dean of 'Earth, Wind and Fire',

Roger of how much money the Vatican "really" has and....

The gravel on the side of the road

Crunches noisily underneath my feet.

A leaf flutters across my path.

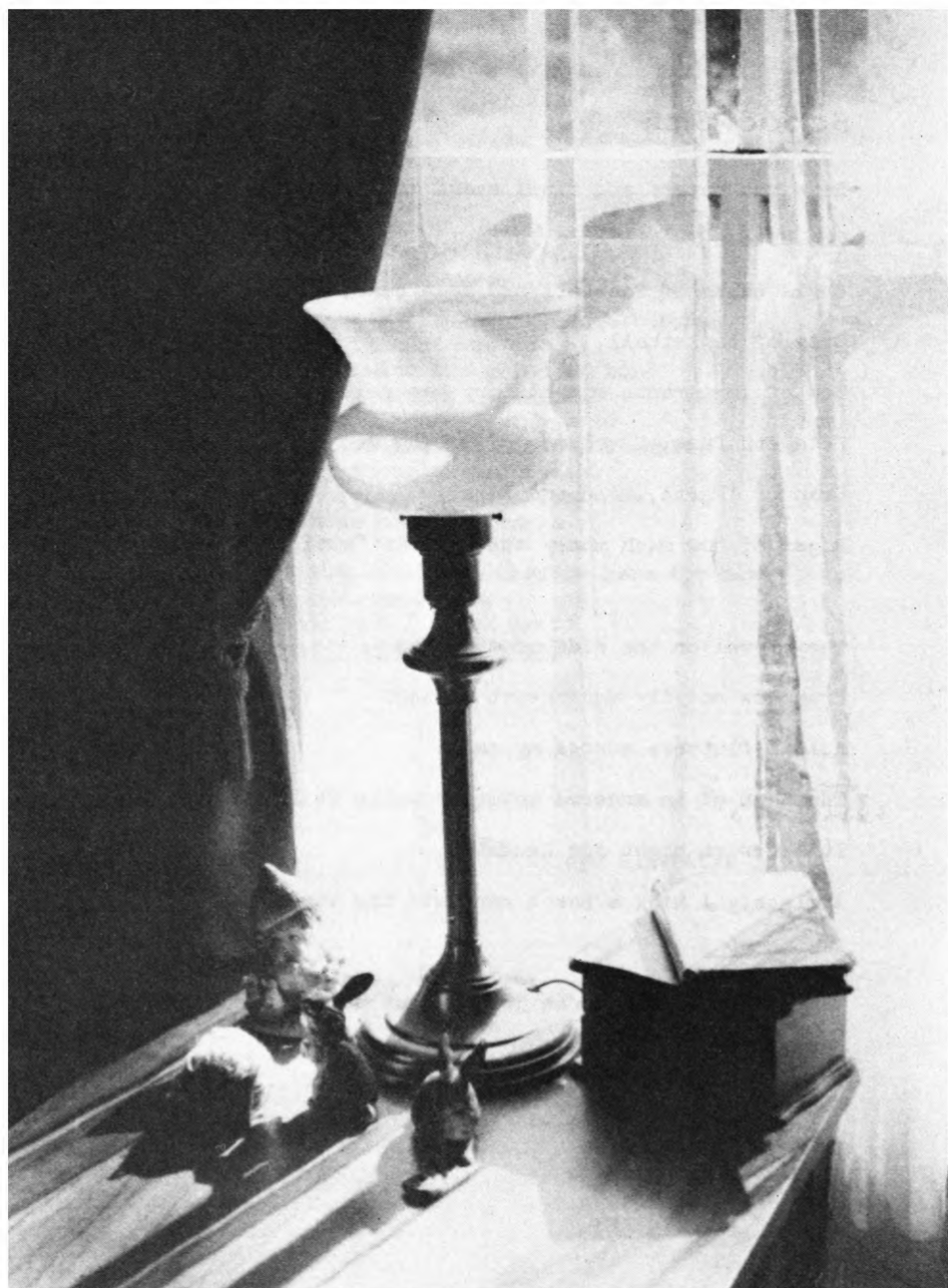
The horn of an angered motorist wails in the distance.

It's a warm night for December.

Aimlessly I kick a Busch can into the weeds.

Why is it so easy to be lonely but so hard to be alone?

Randal S. Curtis



Two Rooms, Two Lifestyles

In room 820, the silent chamber of learning, one brain absorbs information, one body hunches over a book in the dim lighting, one being strives to achieve a goal, to surpass others, to build a future.

But beyond the slightly vibrating wall, the party continues, the music blares. Books, pens, and calculators are ignored, like a housefly one can't escape and so grows used to, while illegal puffs of homegrown weed are slyly snatched and savored.

Yes, it's the Future America.

Joanne LaBerg

Photograph
by Martha Nussbaum

The Mailroom

Below me lies the mailroom

the cube shaped dungeon of house six

My tiny box

so eager for letters

starves

in a correspondence famine

Just a tiny door

on a miniature box

alone

David Wolenski

FAMILY

Hillbilly Afternoon

The gnarled old oak
with polished trunk
and limbs
by countless childrens sneakers.

The gurgling stream
that has eroded
the soil
of the oaks massive roots.

The rope swing
tied by some adventurous youth
out over the still pool.

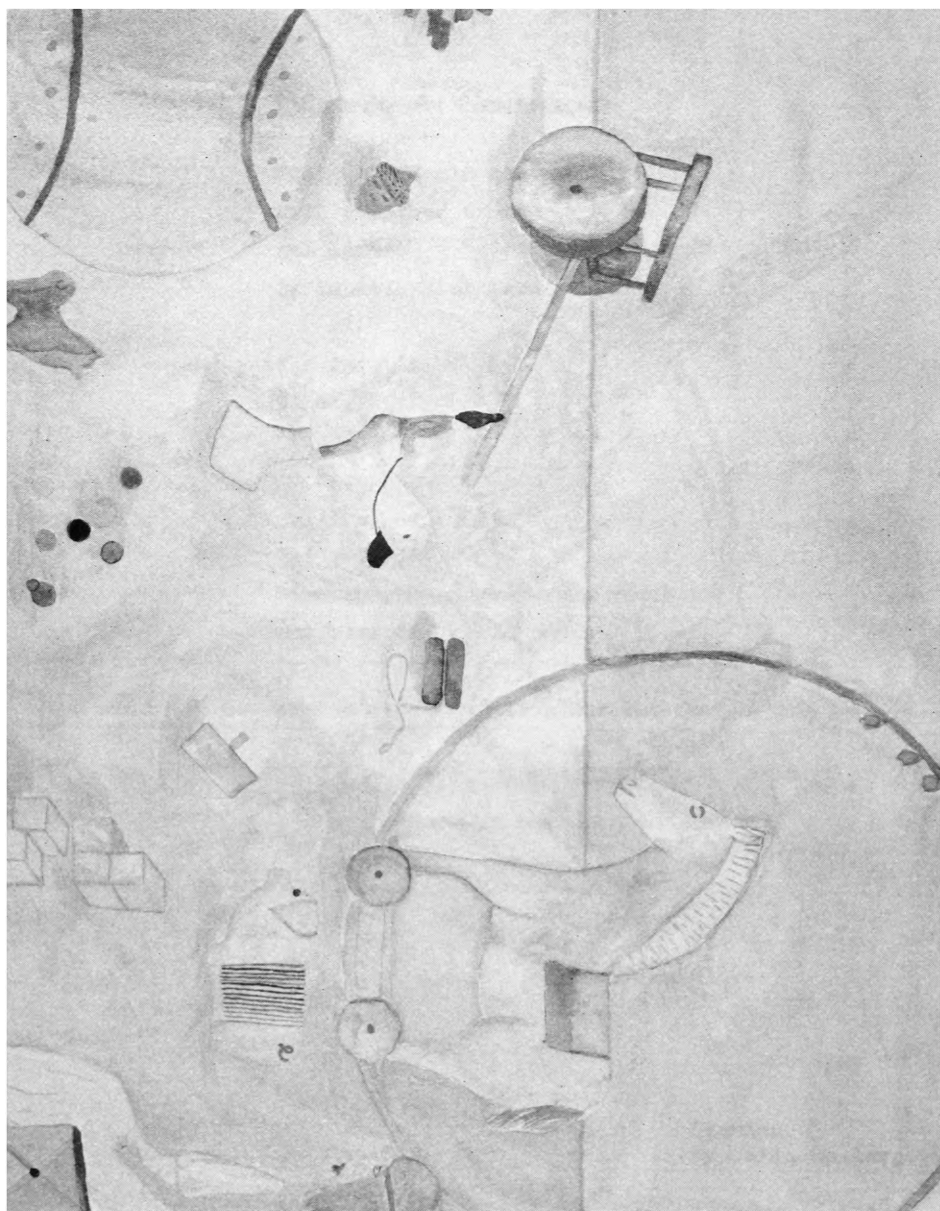
What a place to sit alone but for
my dog
my fishing pole
and my cooler--of course.

Brian Glover

Drawing
by Carla Rellergert



Carl
Rittergut
1/50



Emergency

My mom has to work all the time. She says she has to work. She says that if she didn't work, I wouldn't have any clothes to wear or food to eat. I don't like most of the food she cooks, anyway. She always cooks peas, and I hate peas. I hate that coat she makes me wear, too.

It's a pretty coat. We went shopping one day, and she let me pick it out all by myself. It's blue, has red and white stripes on the sides; and inside, it's all fuzzy and feels good to touch. But I don't like to wear it; it makes me hot! My mom always thinks it's cold outside, and I never think it's cold. I don't think I need a coat. She says I'll get pneumonia if I don't wear it. Sometimes Kris doesn't wear his coat, and he doesn't have pneumonia--I don't think he has pneumonia.

I hate Kris, too. He is my big brother, and he thinks he is so smart. He's five years older than I am, and he bosses me around all the time. He even tries to make me wear my coat when I go outside to play. Sometimes I sneak out the back door, without my coat on, while he's talking on the telephone. He talks on the telephone to his girlfriend all the time--even when he's supposed to be babysitting me and Barry. Barry is my little brother.

I like Barry. He does anything I tell him to do. He plays Barbie dolls with me; Kris won't ever play Barbies with me. Barry and I play school, and house, and sometimes Mom even lets us play make-up. I like to play make-up best of all. We put on lipstick, eyeshadow, face powder, and fingernail polish. The last time we played make-up, Kris laughed at Barry, and now Barry won't play that any more. Some night when Kris is asleep, I think I'll go into his room and polish his fingernails--if he doesn't have his door locked.

He always locks his door, so Barry and I can't get in. He says he locks his door so we won't ruin his records. He turns the record player up real loud, and we can hear his music, too--even with the door closed. If he's playing a song that we like, Barry and I just sit in the hall and listen. We can't hear what he says to his girlfriend, though. Kris spends all of his babysitting money on records. I told my mom that she shouldn't pay Kris to babysit us, because all he does is talk on the phone and listen to music. And besides, we aren't babies, anyway. I'm nine years old, and Barry, he's five. My mom says we need Kris in case of emergency.

Watercolor

by Tammy Darnell

We had a real emergency one night, and guess what? Kris wasn't here! He was listening to records over at Gary's house, and my mom had to go to work at the restaurant for a while. She said I would babysit Barry until Kris got home. Barry and I had lots of fun for a little while. First, we went outside to swing on the rope. I made Barry wear his coat so he wouldn't get pneumonia. We both had three turns, and then it got dark outside and started to rain, so we went inside. Kris's door was unlocked, so we went into his room and played records--we didn't break any of them, either. While we were listening to "Macho Man," that's Barry's favorite, it started thundering and lightening outside.

All of a sudden, there was this loud crash of lightning. All the lights went out and the music stopped; and I couldn't see anything, but I could hear Barry crying. Everything was black. I opened my eyes real wide and put my arms out in front of me and took big, slow steps until I found Barry. I hugged him real tight and told him to quit crying. I told him I would call mom, and that made him quit crying for a little while. But I couldn't find the telephone.

It was so dark; I couldn't see anything. I pulled the curtains off the windows, but that didn't help--it was black everywhere. Barry was crying again and I started crying, too. Then the telephone rang.

I crawled around on the floor until I found the sound. The phone was under Kris's bed; I know because I bumped my head on the edge. I tried to quit crying before I answered the telephone, but I just couldn't. I thought it was my mom calling. When I found out it wasn't, I cried even harder. It was the lady from the bakery; she wanted to know what color of frosting we wanted on the cake that my mom had ordered. Barry and I were crying so hard that she couldn't understand a word I said. Finally, she quit talking about the cake and ask me where my mom was. I told her where my mom was working, and the lady said she would call her and tell her to come home. About an hour later; well, it seemed like an hour--but it really wasn't, my mom called.

I told her about the lights being out and about how scared we were and ask her please, to come home. She said she would talk to me until the lights came back on; she said Kris should be home in just a minute. "But, a minute in the dark is a long time," I told her. Then she started talking to me about my birthday party, and presents, and the cake; and I almost forgot about the dark. Barry forgot, too, I guess. He was sitting on my lap, holding a book and asking me to read to him. Just as I was about to explain to him that I couldn't read in the dark, the lights came back on. And Kris came in--and "Macho Man" came on--all at once! And I was so happy.

But Kris was mad--he was really mad! He said we'd made a mess in his room and ruined his records. My mom told me to tell Kris to get on the phone. He didn't say much, but I guess she said a lot, because he just kept saying, "yes, mam," over and over. I guess she told him about our emergency, because when he got off the phone, he was real nice. He even let us stay in his room and listen to records, and he read a story to Barry, and made me some hot chocolate--cause I was cold; I was so cold I even put on my blue coat.

Pat Wolford



The Divorce

She sat drumming her fingers on the table;
He stood by the window
Watching the passing cars.
She got the house and kids,
He got the truck and a suitcase.
"Somebody's goin' ta hurt someone
Before the night is through..."
Plays on the dying radio.
The clock on the wall
Ticks louder and louder.
That was the year my brother
First grew taller than me.

Rhonda G. Miller

Photograph
Kevin Kassay



Carla Rallergit
2/82

Little Brothers

I was
5 years old
when he came home
from the hospital.

He was
our Christmas present.
He was
so cute
so
small.
I wanted
to hold him
and be his big sister.

As I grew
to be a young adult,
he grew
to be a brat.

I want sophistication.
 He wants a mud fight.
I want privacy.
 He wants to bring all of his friends into my room
 to see my new stereo.
I want peace and quiet at 7 am Saturday morning.
 He wants to watch cartoons with the TV so loud
 it seems he may go deaf.

I rejoiced the day I left him to go to school!
The next day
I missed him terribly; no one to bug me.

He will be thirteen tomorrow,
an honest to goodness teenager!
What now?
What's to come?

Little brothers, you can't live with them,
you can't live without them.

Shiela O'Brien

Drawing
Carla Rellergert

THOUGHTS

Looking at the Stars

Looking down the tunnel
and what do you see?
Nothing,
because nothing is all there is
for those who don't fit in.

Walking down the narrow passageway,
It's the only way,
the floor is cold, the walls are damp, and
it's dark.

Take your tentative steps,
feeling your way along
and the darkness closes in
to take you away.

As you fall into the darkness
you see your life floating by.
As you're looking into the past
you trip over your future
and fall into today.

Lying on your back,
you stare into the sky
looking for the stars,
but there is only darkness.

At first you feel afraid,
but as time begins to slow,
you start to relax.
Everything will come to an end,
and then you'll see the stars.

Joseph G. Fischer



Turned to Stone

No longer do the chicks cry
The wise wind sayeth
the end approacheth

Marble bird mournfully cried
toward distant hill,
his only listeners rest there.

The mill squeaks harsh
and indifferent
as the wind dies down.

Rust on the shovel
that holds the barn up
Glow in the setting sun.

The bird feeder has long been empty.

David Randall

Photograph
by Kevin Kassay

In Passing

Morning

And a golden flutterbye dips by my window--
And I dream of you. . .
Of your golden hair and fluttering laugh.

Noon

And the radio sings a lonely song--
And I sing for you. . .
Of the lost songs you gave me
And the loneliness I've found.

Evening

And the golden sun fades to crimson--
And I think of you. . .
Of how my gilded heart sank and bled.

Midnight

And redlight numbers tell me I should sleep--
And I cry for you. . .

Daniel R. Van Wijk

Visitor

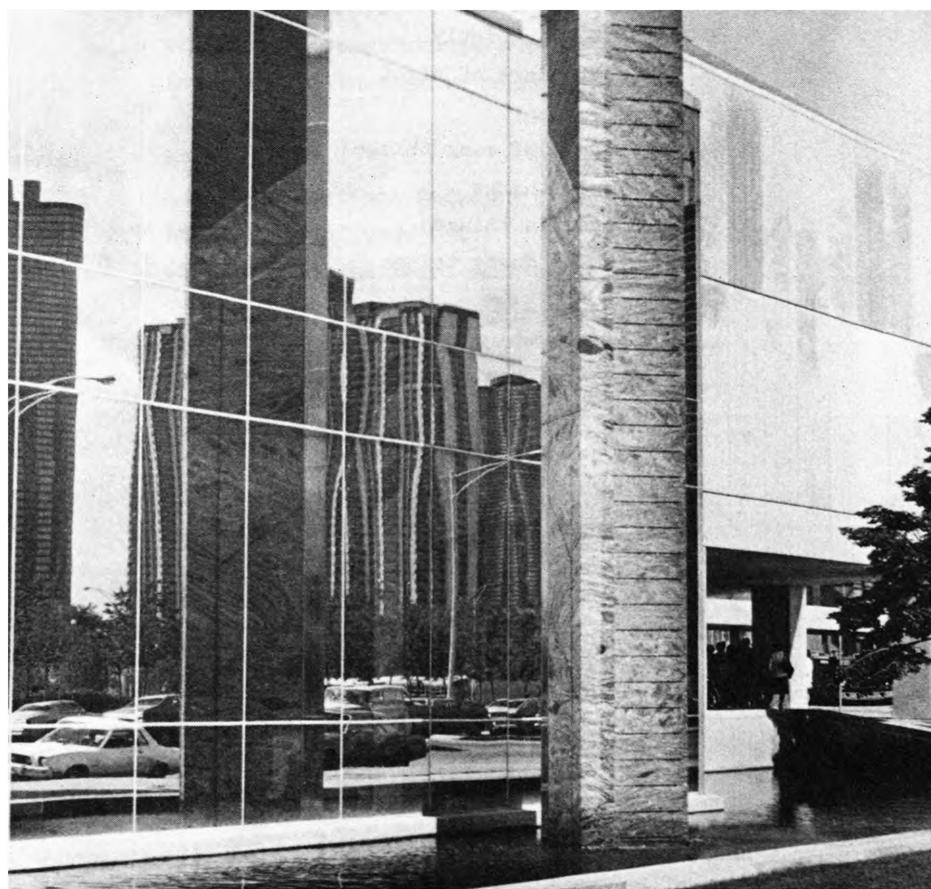
She comes to me
As she always has,
Soft and quietly
In the dark of night

We talk of many things:
Simple things
Forgotten things
Old and dusty things

She leaves
With the coming of light,
Whispering good-byes
On the morning breeze

A ghost of the past

Pete Burton



Destiny

Something out there is real
That I might tuck it under my arm,
Or put it in my pocket,
And walk away, glad
That what I hold can truly be mine

And I could own the world!
If only I had a place to keep it.

But the world is round--
Stride out and you roll it back underfoot:
Bringing things closer
By pushing others away.

But I know what I am;

Boil away my soul and I'm still me!

And I'll sing if I like

Or laugh

Or even cry. . .

Something out there is real

--And I'll find it!

Daniel R. Van Wijk

Photograph
by Kevin Kassay

Quiet

A cool breeze ruffles my hair;
Someone calls softly,
But no one is there.
Stars surround me, sparkling bright--
Like diamonds against
A black velvet night.

The stillness speaks; the quiet cries out--
The space around me
Seems to shout...
The message is clear
Before my eyes:
Silence communicates,
Words are lies.

Sherry Kyle

My Day

It was that day.
Everyone has a day.
It was mine.
The sun was all over the place
and the snow melting on the grass.
Your body says cold
but your mind says hot as you take off
your jacket.
My day says get ready for spring.

Bob Beckman

DREAMS

The Land

A haunting place this land on high,
With flowing fields and ocean sky
Serpentine are ridges old
From twilight dust are they comprised.

Timeless are the shattered hills.
A coyote howl, a whippoorwill,
Bring alive a spirit gone,
That steel and concrete maim and kill

Rippling wind blown waves of gold,
Frisson wrought by north wind bold,
Cascade of currents slither by,
Leaves, they shake from wind's cajole

Whispered voices sigh and moan
In harmony with oaken bones
That creak and shudder in the breeze,
A multitude of souls, alone

Diffused sunlight, filtered beams,
Plethora made of radiant streams,
Crashing through the canopy
To paint the forest floor with dreams

Gully ragged, washed and worn,
From falling rain the form is born,
Sinuous trail between the hills,
Solitary path forlorn

Rustle deep within the wood
Emanates from lithe black hooves,
Clandestinely the deer glide by,
In search of sanctuary good

Near the border of the trees,
Limpid runs the shaded stream,
Into stones the creek will run
And gurgle muted, watered screams

On blackened wing, is Raven's flight,
Across the meadow out of sight,
He moves within the shifting wind,
His blackness punctuates the light

Settled on the peaceful land
Serenity grow tall and stands,
With roots stretched to eternity,
With stately bough, profuse and grand.

Bill Horst



Shining Unicorns

Two shining silver unicorns
Danced in the haze of evening tide.

The full moon rose above them
Bathing all below in golden splendor.

The mists parted as the two shining horses
Pranced across the night

Beneath the star strewn heavens
In the moon's soft sterling glow.

As dawn bloomed rosy in the east
And the dew was turned to blood

The vision left me alone
On a barren, windy plain.

I called your name to the westwind,
And it came rippling back

Like pegasus riding the wind.
And like the unicorn you'd vanished.

Amy L. Carpenter

Drawing

by Carla Rellergert



In the Night

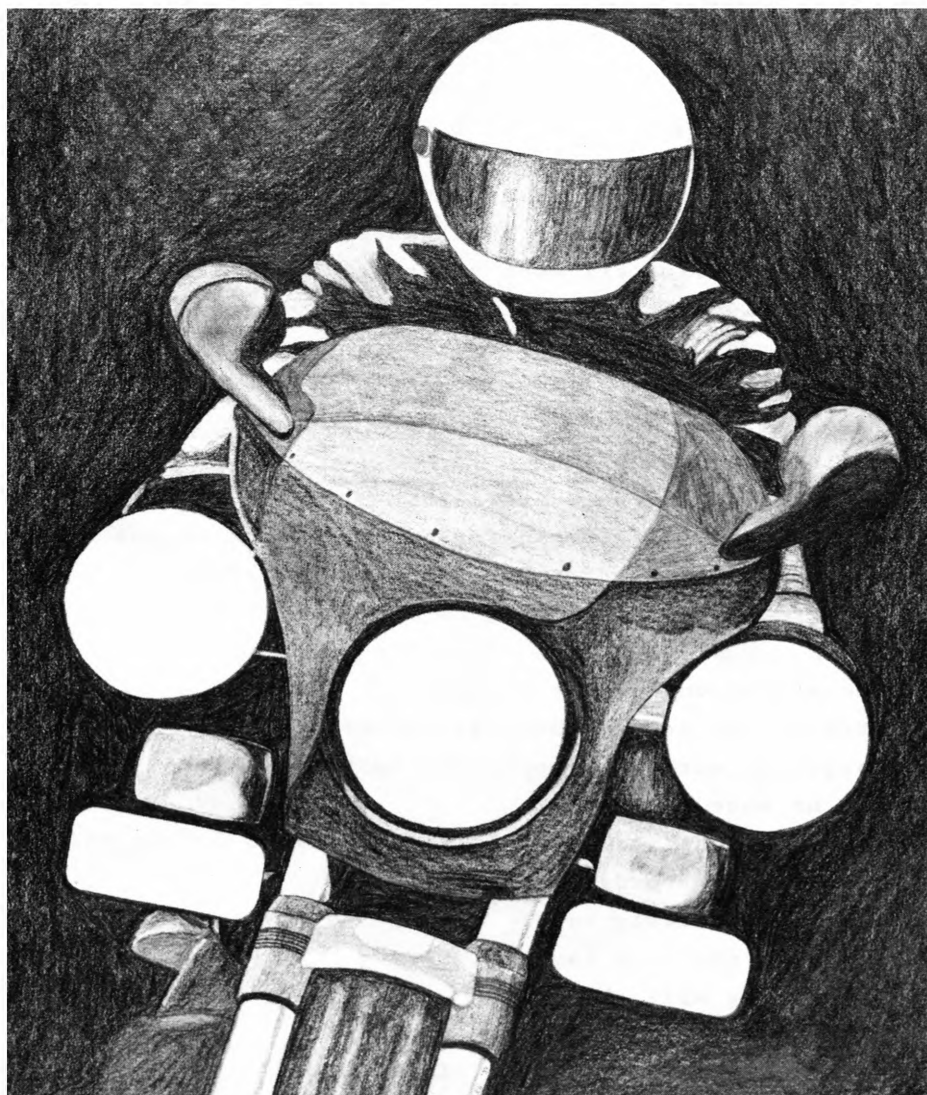
The web of darkness creeps over the land
in an ever tightening, ever widening band.
The cold, colorless moon rises above the silent night,
like a mighty monarch,
indifferent to his people's plight,
leaving over his kingdom an eerie light.

Children of the night
are born of the pale starlight
and fly above the darknesses ever tightening hold.
Fleeting streaks of amber, grey, and gold.
No mere mortal could ever be so bold.

The starsprung breeze rustles
through the deeply shadowed valley;
forgotten warriors wake by the bottomless lake
and no more will dally.
They, for their ancient battles, will no longer wait;
their angry swords lust for blood,
they must quickly sate.
And when the dead have died anew,
the battle will abait.

Clouds fly by like silent kings
holding the sky with their ethereal wings.
In the clouds strange creatures dwell,
some of beauty beyond belief, others,
fiends that belong in hell.
From whence they came, no one can tell.

Joseph Fisher



The Chase

John Hazar, a bored businessman, had just gotten off work from his nine-to-five job, and already he was looking forward to the big event tonight. As soon as he reached his house, he had begun preparing himself and his motorcycle for the race. His wearing blue jeans instead of a suit and a tie was only the first preparation to be made. There were many others. When he was sure his machine was ready, Mr. Hazar went inside to wait on the clock. He knew that he would lose the race, but the thrill of it all was more than enough reward. After a lifetime of endless ticking, it was finally time. John jumped on his big, blue motorcycle (not a racing bike, but a regular street bike), and it sparked to life. The deafening roar of the bike was like music to his ears as he headed west out of the city toward a forming sunset.

The sunset was not yet there, although hints of beauty to come lingered in the air. Riding like the wind on his bike, John saw the road rush under him. The big bike spoke most loudly of power as the steady throbbing from the engine made his pulse quicken. When Mr. Hazar felt his heart pounding in his chest like a caged animal wanting to be free, he thought about the mighty engine restrained by only his hand. As he had known he would, John unleashed the animal, and the motorcycle surged ahead. He always did this. It was all part of the experience. The wind blasted through his hair when they, the bike and he, moved as one at a blurring speed. Riding on a wave of power, John noticed those hints of beauty were more profoundly taking shape on the horizon while the sun was sinking

Drawing
by Jon Mittler

behind the far off hills.

The race had begun. Could he catch it this time? It was doubtful, but maybe he could make it last just a little bit longer if he pushed the bike up to a blazing speed! The sky melted into a marvelous pink, then--a heartbeat later--the clouds were thick, puffy and purple. To where this magnificent sunset was sinking the motorcycle flew at a blistering pace. Still, the huge, flaming ball left John behind. The lower it sank, the lower John's emotions ran. Finally, when the last few straggling rays of beauty were snuffed out by the cold and black night, the motorcycle rider admitted that he had lost again. John consoled himself with the thought that he had cheated the cruel night out of a few minutes of blackness. Mr. Hazar glanced with regret at the blank, lifeless sky as he turned around his motorcycle and slowly, reluctantly, crept back to the drab neon lights of the city.

Phil Kipping

Epiphany

Encapsulated darkness, sight unseen,
Off entombed mind, night sounds careen.
Crack and creak of sylvan creatures,
A Siren Song, the wind beseeches,
Come if you dare, but do not linger,
Beware the eyes, the clinging fingers.
An ambushade in darkened glade,
Feel tightening noose and stinging blade,
Enshrouding face in raiment cold,
A work of Nature, eons old.

Dust of molten rock is here,
That covers skull with patient ear,
Filtering through the dark of light,
Within the grasp but out of sight.
Hollow laughter echoes round,
Cacaphony without a sound.
Slowly now the twilight comes,
Marching to a broken drum,
Shedding on the mist of morn
A tired ray, lost and forlorn,
Limping from a billion years,
Crying endless sea of tears.

Slowly through the gloom diffuse
Is seen the throne of time misuse,
Shattered crown upon a seat,
Tribute to a grand defeat,
Waiting for each man in turn
An empty soul, a lifetime earned.

Bill Horst

SEX

Drugs, Sex, and Rock 'n' Roll

Drugs, sex and rock'n'roll.

The battle cry of my generation
when the truth being we are really
Conservative As Hell.

Only pretending we are wild and independant.

The unwritten law to conform
be responsible
much more realistic.

Thank God!

Brian Glover

Blind Date

They said
She wuz nice

They said
She wuz built

They said
She wuz pretty

They said
I would get some

Well, she wuz "nice",
She wuz built
(like a horse),
And she wuz even pretty
If the lights were right
And the drinks were strong

But they lied
Because she didn't
Give none

Eva Freund

Cherry Picking on a Sunday Afternoon

A gentle wind blows across an endless view of cherry trees.

I wander in, out, and about the trees.

Aimlessly plucking the cherries which strike my fancy.

A perfect day for the cultivation of the fruits of the earth.

The stranger appears on the horizon.

The sky begins to darken.

The winds become more forceful.

The clouds become larger, bigger, stronger, Stronger, STRONGER.

It's coming, It's Coming, IT'S COMING.

The heavens open up, the rains pour over the virgin earth.

Cherries are showering the ground like cats and dogs.

And as soon as he came,

The stranger was gone.

Talk about the raping of Mother Earth.

Randal S. Curtis

Contributors

Bob Beckman--Mechanical Engineering
Pete Burton--Undecided
Amy L. Carpenter--Petroleum Engineering
Randal S. Curtis--Undecided
Joe Fischer--Computer Science
Eva Freund--Chemistry
Brian Glover--Undecided
Greg Hardy--Electrical Engineering
Bill Horst--Civil Engineering
Kevin Kassay--Aeronautical Engineering
Phil Kipping--Computer Science
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Sherry Kyle--Computer Science
Joanne LaBerg--Computer Science
Rick Maness--Engineering Mechanics
Rhonda G. Miller--Geology and Geophysics
Jon Mittler--Mechanical Engineering
Martha Nussbaum--Geology
Sheila O'Brien
David Randall--Undecided
Carla Rellergert--Undecided
Daniel R. Van Wijk--Chemistry
David Wolenski--Computer Science
Pat Wolford--English

